

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1897.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Official forecast gives generally fair weather; cooler; westerly winds.

HOPE NOW FOR CUBA.

A memorial signed by seven hundred leading American business men, setting forth that the war has all but ruined our commerce with Cuba, and praying for such action at the hands of our Government as shall restore peace to the island and normal conditions of trade, may or may not have anything to do with the sudden interest taken by the Administration in Cuban affairs. This is above all things a "business" Administration, however, and as the signers of the memorial are said to represent investments of \$100,000,000 in the island or in trade with it, it is conceivable that the petition has not been influential at the White House.

Every friend of liberty will rejoice in this \$100,000,000 memorial. It cannot but impart emphasis to the plank in the Republican national platform of June last which pledged the party, if given power, to aid in securing independence to Cuba. Up to the appearance of the memorial it seemed as if that plank had been intended for campaign purposes only. It runs as follows:

We watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battles of the Cuban patriots against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty. The Government of Spain having lost control of Cuba and being unable to protect the property or lives of resident American citizens, or to comply with its treaty obligations, we believe that the Government of the United States should actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island.

Hitherto the utterance of such sentiments has brought down upon the utterer the contempt due a Jingo, which word in the vocabulary of the wise and prudent means a person of deplorably generous sympathies, and so far lost to reason that he declines to admit that national honor and duty should at all times be subordinated to pecuniary interest. Now that seven hundred citizens representing \$100,000,000 have asked for intervention on behalf of their vanishing investments, the other millions of citizens who think there should be intervention because it would be humane, politic and right, may pluck up spirit. They have become respectable. Not even a Mugwump will have the madness to assert that a cause backed by the approval of \$100,000,000 is either foolish or disreputable.

There is hope at last that the stain of sordid indifference which has dishonored the Republic in the eyes of the world will be removed. It is apparent that the Administration is opening its mind and heart to the claims of liberty, humanity and civilization in Cuba, and that, incidentally, the need for doing something for our business interests there is impressing itself on President McKinley, good man.

TURKEY DISREGARDS THE POWERS.

The war in the East seems to have reached a point where it is at least temporarily beyond the control of the great powers. It is vastly easier to unloose forces of destruction than to chain them up once they have had free play. The concert, if that is not a misnomer for a ramshackle league each member of which has been seceding, pulling away from the others in obedience to some secret motive, seems to have looked on both the contesting nations as sporting men look on a pair of bull terriers in a dog pit, which can be torn apart at any moment.

Greece, to be sure, has been easily enough controlled. Overmatched in the iron-gams, she is willing to withdraw, and has put herself in the hands of the mediators. But the Turkish Government, swelling with the pride of victory, which recalls those haughtier days of power when Europe trembled at the Crescent, seems disposed to ignore the order of "Halt!" The latest advances at the time of this writing announce that in spite of the European demand for an immediate armistice, the Porte has ordered Edhem Pasha to advance his lines without delay, and that his objective point is Athens. Of course, this policy may be reversed at any moment. There are too many factors involved in the situation to allow us to ignore the possibility of a radical change at any moment.

But as things now stand the Turk seems to mean war in spite of the European veto. The concentration of the forces in Asia Minor for instant movement and the calling out of the reserves are significant. Russia is the only power to be reckoned with at present in the results of disobedience, for it would require many weeks for other nations to mobilize a force, unless England and France should take the extreme measure of sending a fleet to Constantinople—an unlikely contingency, except as the last resort. The Sultan has always been a strong believer in the chances of the chapter of accidents, and his policy would seem to be to press every advantage till the final act, when Europe shall take him by the throat and pull him off his Greek prey.

It has been reported that personally the Sultan is willing to grant an armistice. It has also been asserted that the Mohammedan religious forces, which make their Caliph a mere puppet, are inflamed to the most fiery fanaticism by success. It is not unreasonable to assume that a similar national enthusiasm which would have dethroned King George had he failed to begin the war might hurl the Sultan from his imperial chair if he should recall his victorious armies too promptly at the call of the mandatories.

From the Moslem standpoint, too, there is a stroke of policy involved. The further the Turkish armies advance, the more complete the consternation and despair of the Hellenes before the ultimate interferences is forced, the greater the plausibility of claims for former Turkish territory handed over to Greece by the Berlin treaty. There may be an element of superficial sagacity in this turning a deaf ear to the order of the Powers.

Out of this, too, there sparkles a glint of hope that the Turks in their arrogance may hold on too long, and thus open a way for such action by Europe as would finally make the Moslem at Constantinople a chapter of history shut and closed forever.

CITY RAILWAY WARFARE.

Among the many phases of disregard of public right and convenience which have characterized city railway management in New York nothing has been more outrageous than some features of the warfare between the Third Avenue Cable and Metropolitan Traction companies. The cable company seems to have begun the fight, and to have so far utterly failed to establish its claims. In its eagerness to defeat and harass its opponent it has done everything to block the disposition of other lines to improve their service. The result has been tantamount to warfare against the public, and it is time that the public fully grasped the niggardly and jealous spirit which animated the Third Avenue line.

Some illustrations may be cited which will throw light on the ideals and methods of this greedy corporation. In

consequence of an injunction sued out by this company the Circle at Fifty-ninth street and Broadway has been kept in a condition dangerous to human safety. The law says "hands off" to those who would speedily rectify the evil. The congestion on Broadway, which has been sought to be relieved by much needed improvements on the Sixth and Eighth avenue lines, continues on account of similar legal hostility tying up the enterprise which aims to bestow a much needed improvement on our passenger facilities. No other obstacle intervenes, for every condition prescribed by law has been met with—consent of property-holders along the lines, of the State Railway Commission, and of the Commissioner of Public Works. But an injunction lays its veto on carrying forward the work, in spite of the pressing public demand.

The injunction is a useful agency oftentimes; sometimes, too, a dangerous one. It has certainly in this case been a flagrant public evil, a judicial abuse which imposes a burden on a long-suffering community. It is a case which should be promptly settled, instead of being misused in forcing a paralysis of legitimate business effort, which aims to serve the common necessity.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

Gambling Begins with the Quasi Approval of the Police Department.

Chicago, May 13.—In accordance with Mayor Harrison's avowed policy to let the police control gambling in Chicago the click of chips was heard once more on green-covered tables last night. Games both big and small were opened on all sides of the city, and it was no trouble to find them. Mayor Harrison was cleared on the "wide-open" platform, and the opening of gambling houses meets with the approval of a majority of his supporters.

Probably few people believe that "wide-open" gambling is advantageous to a city. Mayor Harrison himself is not likely to proffer so indefensible a proposition. He may feel, as his distinguished father felt, that gambling is a human vice which may be regulated but not suppressed; that if there may be large wagers laid on the Board of Trade or the Stock Exchange, the bets of the small dealer on the "cub" should not be made unlawful, nor should other strokes at fortune of even less magnitude be made criminal. That the present Mayor of Chicago should hold such opinions is not in any way amazing.

Carter Harrison, the father of the present Mayor of Chicago, was foully assassinated in 1893. He avowedly directed the police affairs of the city of Chicago upon the principles applied in the cities of Continental Europe. Evils which he could not reasonably hope to suppress he regulated. With him a Raines law would have found no tolerance, and a Parkhurst Society scant shrift. Following his death, after a brief interregnum, there came a municipal regime comparable to that which Raines and Roosevelt have forced upon New York. The combination of the rural regulator and the mugwump master was complete there as here. Chicago suffered under its Civil Federation vastly more than New York has suffered under its Reform Administration. It underwent all the excruciating invasions of personal liberty our own city has encountered. More than this, under "reform" it suffered Rooseveltism in its police force, Rainsism in its excise laws and the most hypocritical sort of "spoilism" in its civil service.

The result? Well, that is what New Yorkers want to consider. The second Harrison standing for intelligent management of city affairs was elected by a vote of 144,828 and a plurality of 77,756.

Now, a majority of that great body of practically 145,000 voters in Chicago do not believe in "wide-open" gambling and "the click of chips." But the pendulum has swung back from the point of extreme Puritanism beyond the median line of Propriety. It has gone too far, because it was first sent too far in the other direction. New York has suffered lately as Chicago formerly suffered. The revolt against Raines and Roosevelt will be as effective here as the revolt against irresponsible "reform" was there. Perhaps, if wisely directed, it may be checked in this city short of the extremes it has clearly reached in Chicago.

THE DISAFFECTED PORTERS.

The Pullman Palace Car Company's porters, cooks and waiters, at a recent meeting of their associations in St. Louis, drew up a memorial demanding an increase in wages. They have sent this memorial to the general superintendent of the company. The men, most of whom are negroes, allege in their petition that they cannot keep themselves neatly uniformed and pay their living expenses on the salaries paid them by the Pullman company.

The wages of these porters, cooks and waiters are no less at the present time than at any other time within the past ten years; but, in support of their plea for increased salaries, they state that their income from tips derived from the travelling public is of late very much reduced—that, in fact, they are now virtually dependent upon their salaries for support, and that these salaries are insufficient.

It is a self-evident fact that these servants of the Pullman Palace Car Company have made a mistake in appealing to the Pullman company for a correction of their real or fancied wrongs. What they should have done was to have appealed to the travelling public. Mr. Pullman, according to their own confession, has not reduced salaries. It is the public—the travelling public—that has reduced their income in the way of tips. Mr. Pullman has only required of them what he has always required—neat uniforms, ability to be porter, waiter, cook or conductor in an emergency, and as many hours' work per day as circumstances might make necessary. The travelling public has required of them the service to which it has become accustomed.

The disaffected porters, cooks and waiters really have no quarrel with Mr. Pullman or his stockholders. Mr. Pullman never promised them an increase in wages. What Mr. Pullman did promise was better times, and if these have not made themselves manifest in the way of tips, the porters and cooks and waiters should complain to the agents of prosperity, into whose keeping Mr. Pullman and other gentlemen of similar monopolistic tendencies have given their own interests.

But they should be chary of forwarding their complaints direct to Mr. Pullman or his agents. Injunctions from United States courts and the bayonets of United States troops are likely to rebuke such impudence, as has been already demonstrated.

So Assistant Secretary Roosevelt arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard unexpectedly, surprised an indolent sentry and gave everybody a shock. Of course the incident was worth a column in many newspapers, but really the same is a little old. So versatile a person as Roosevelt ought to be able to vary his methods of getting newspaper notoriety.

Mr. Platt's platitude offer to save the city from Tammany has very naturally called forth a few remarks from the people who would prefer to have Tammany save the city from Mr. Platt.

When it comes to wanting things that belong to others the Sultan's appetite is every bit as robust as that of the gentleman who dictated the several schedules of the Dingley bill.

Lullabys for Bradley Martins.

WHISPER it softly. Mrs. Bradley Martin will soon be a grandmother. I have just had a letter from London that gives details of the costly layette that will be needed in July, but I am too unfamiliar with such things to attempt more than an allusion to it.

The young Countess of Craven, in whose welfare delicate and sympathetic interest centres, is now at Coombe Abbey, to remain until the heir to the Earl is born.

My correspondent goes on to say that both the Cravens and the Bradley Martins are quite beside themselves with joyful anticipation.

All those absurd old stories about Mrs. Bradley Martin's father, Isaac Sherman, having been a cooper ought to be stopped now, although he did make the "barrel" that enabled little Cornelia Martin to become the Countess of Craven.

Chappies generally, and those who haunt the Waldorf in particular, will grieve to learn that Colonel the Honorable Thomas P. Ochiltree is seriously ill at Chamberlain's, in Washington.

Gout and other things that come with good living have combined against the valiant Colonel and have downed him temporarily.

But it's hard to "do" a good man, and therefore I shall expect to see again in a little while the halo of St. Thomas as he discourses truth and wisdom in the Waldorf.

To read certain American newspapers one would think that Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, had been canonized simply because she died yesterday with Queen Victoria and slept last night in Windsor Castle.

Of course this is the greatest possible social honor from the British standpoint, but I can't see why self-respecting Americans should go crazy over it.

After all is said and done the Queen is a very material old lady and doesn't confine herself to angel's food by any means; a fact that was doubtless most agreeable to Consuelo, whose appetite is said to be unimpaired by her lofty station.

Consuelo, by the way, is further from a fool than a whole lot of people over here, who never saw the Queen and never will, but who are English to the bone.

Another interesting item of an every-day American girl whose inheritance has translated her into a member of foreign nobility concerns the Countess de Castellane.

That vivacious descendant of the ancient house of Gould has arranged to give a dinner to Lady Randolph Churchill, "as soon as the shock of the bazaar horror passes away."

It will be worth while to keep an eye open for the date of this feast. It will measure the time it takes the Countess to recover from the shock of the fire and it will show just how long a dinner may be planned under such painful circumstances before it is eaten.

The Countess de Castellane seems to be mixing her grief and her hospitality quite as much in this matter as she mixes her filial devotion and patriotism in giving a million francs to found a Parisian charity in memory of her mother.

I presume that she is indifferent as to what New York's poor may think of the name of Gould.

What his become of the little Baron Rosenkranz, who used to eye the ladies at the Waldorf so fascinatingly?

This question on my part is merely an echo of what has been asked me. I really don't care a rap what has become of Rosenkranz. But if anybody can tell me, I'll print it for the satisfaction of his Waldorf acquaintances.

His brother, Baron Hans Rosenkranz, came over the other day, I believe, but a Baron Rosenkranz more or less doesn't matter, as there are many of them, and it would take the whole lot to make a man as large as a certain Knickerbocker Club man I might mention thinks he is.

Cope Whitehouse is a hard man to down. We may laugh at his confounded British snobbery till we are tired, and it will have no more effect on him than water on a goose.

He is bound to turn a penny at Newport this summer, and he has set about it in his customary adroit way.

He is going to enlist the interest of the chaplains, and to that end has arranged to give a tea in the Metropolitan Club annex on Tuesday.

He will have maps of his scheme and will undertake to illustrate its beauties and advantages.

This is a novel departure for the professional promoter, but it is brilliant.

I understand that there will soon be an announcement of the engagement of Mr. "Regie" Arnold to a daughter of Mrs. John A. D. Zerega.

Young Arnold is a son of Surrogate John H. V. Arnold, and has attracted attention by a disposition to move forward and upward in society rather than to stand still. Mrs. John A. D. Zerega is not only literary, but poetical. Whether her daughter inherits these qualities or not, I don't know.

The family belongs to the Country Club set and furnished a wife to that long-legged cousin of the Duke of Newcastle, Charles S. Pelham-Clinton, who used to room with "Billy" Easton, the horse auctioneer, and combined society, horseracing and newspaper reporting in a marvellous mixture.

Mrs. G. A. Del Valle, who is the best American authority on the doings of the Duchess of Manchester and her children, will spend the summer in Madrid with her daughter, the Marquise de Casa Argudin. Meantime if the Duke of Manchester should contract marriage or catch an eczema, Mrs. Del Valle can be reached by cable for full particulars.

"Horse" writes to me to ask if I won't tell him through the medium of this column what horse will win the Withers Stakes at Morris Park to-day.

"You are a devil of a tipster," he says rather ambiguously. "You evidently know all about the duds horses, and you ought to let us in on a Blue Devil now and then to even up that Hastings tip."

"Horse" is too smart altogether. If I were to tell him that Angle Belmont will win the Withers to-day, he would probably go to the track and back Ogden, or get touted on to "Papa Jim" Keene's Regulator for another voter.

Dude horses and dude owners are just like the other kind. The horses are uncertain, and the owners keep their stable secrets buttoned up under their checkered waistcoats.

"Horse" had better stay at home and save his seven dollars. A Blue Devil wins but once a year.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER

STORM CENTRE OVER KENTUCKY. The Kentuckian Declines the Amicable Carlisle Hand and Reviles His Former Colleague and Enemy—McKinley Displeased with Monopoly Shylocks.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

WASHINGTON, May 14.—Everybody here approves the Logans and all they have said and written concerning the McCooks and their Monopoly corruption activities. John A. Logan, Jr., by his courage has made for himself a firm stand in general favor. Nor is he criticised for going too far in the letter to General McCook, published in to-day's Journal. Mr. Logan had been ill-used, traduced, lied about and injured. And that, too, by those whose obligations to his family called for a different reward. Under such circumstances opinion will be generous in establishing the frontiers of an honest resentment of a great wrong. The whole Monopoly story displays the McCooks in a shallow light, as foolish for them as unfortunate for the country which one of them was commissioned to represent. Like young Logan, I fear me the "Righting McCooks" are dead; displaced by a line of favoring McCooks—a line that has given up its floundering to hunt for useful and honorable coin countenance and favor. The McCooks and all others in interest may as well have notice that any public American becomes unpopular in his own country just in proportion as he piles up popularity abroad. I will not elaborate the reasons, but content myself with the bare statement of a glowing truth. Such as Bayard, who have made the experiment, will endorse what I say.

And now it would appear that a time may come when we shall have "Blood It" means. It will be a Kentucky moon. Blackburn is in town; he also is that ex-Secretary of boneless policies, John G. Carlisle. They were not looking for one another, but this is a small town. Blackburn not only considers Carlisle as a general traitor to his party, but holds him to be, even, a more pregnant form of political criminal still. Blackburn credits Carlisle with being the first great cause of his (Blackburn's) defeat for senate re-election. As I stated, the two were not looking for each other. But they met. It was on the public campaign. Blackburn was with Senator Shoup; Carlisle was accompanied by Senator Lindsay. As they approached Blackburn eyes began to blaze. Carlisle did not note these hate-lamps, burning in the Blackburn eyes. As Carlisle came up he extended his hand to Blackburn. Carlisle had a purpose to let bygones be bygones. This Christian charity is popular and easy with such as Carlisle, who have deeply and traitorously wronged a friend and half-brother to meet the brunt of the stern consequences. Those who have been wronged; and especially when they possess a natural courage and an in-born instinct for war, as does Blackburn, are not so prone to forgive and forget. As a come-out Carlisle's friendly hand went vainly groping.

Blackburn spurned it, as it were, and in vivid, flashing phrase, gave forth such views of Carlisle as will ring alarms in that statesman's ears for many a day to come. Blackburn drove Carlisle from him with words of vitriol. Beyond the verbal point, however, violence did not go. Carlisle is not recorded as making any retort. Later, Blackburn talked of pistols, and declared a day would come when he "would make Carlisle publicly admit that he (Carlisle) was a coward, a liar and a rogue." It is the kind of a promise Blackburn will make a likely effort to keep, and expectation is therefore on a wire edge in consequence.

They say the Chapman case is beginning to be an element in tariff. McKinley is wrathful against the sugar schedule. He declares it to be too high. Searies and Havemeyer, not content with that, and that man's dark den per campaign contract with Hanna, are trying to smother another illicit pound.

McKinley Displeased with Sugar Shylocks.

These sugar shylocks, McKinley says, are too voracious. They don't leave enough for the iron shylocks and the boot and shoe shylocks and the sewing machine shylocks, and all those other cormorants of monopoly and trust which the present White House must feed. So McKinley will let Chapman go to jail on Monday. This will teach, he thinks, both Havemeyer and Searies that, because of his crown, jail awaits them likewise, for that they are as guilty as Chapman. If the Sugar Trust will tell "its Senators" to abate its sugar grab in the Tariff bill Chapman will go free of his fetters and the sun of White House approval and protection will shine for Havemeyer and Searies again. This is the first time a President ever held a jail over a trust magnate to make him disgorge the tariff he had swallowed.

Dingley froths with a wild resentment of Senate tariff villainies. Dingley is a Christian and a teetotaler. When a man is filled with religious fervor, and war juice is strictly excluded from his system, this wildly frothy means much. It is the very life of resentment. Dingley gets his tariff cue from the White House. That other day he wrote a letter (private) to his brother, in Lewiston, Me., that hamlet where Dingley abides with his Laves and Penates and calls himself "at home." Dingley laid bare to his brother the tariff situation—its past, present and to come. Whereat Dingley's brother arose with a whoop, cracked his well-informed heels together (this is metaphor) and wrote in Dingley's own paper—the Evening Journal—the following succinct piece, to wit. It is spirited, it holds the mirror up to the McKinley intentions anent tariff, and forecasts what will be Dingley's House course when the Senate completes its tariff vanities and sets about compelling the House to agree to them and become to said crimes of revenue accessory after the fact. Therefore the Dingley emanation may be read with advantage as a sure McKinley-directed search-light thrown along the dark currents of a tariff future:

It is said that President McKinley is much disappointed over the Senate Committee tariff bill, but he hopes to see the tariff issue promptly settled, one way or another. General Grosvener says the Senate tariff bill can never pass the House. It is learned that the Republican Senators have already outlined, in a general way, the plans which they will follow in passing the bill, and that they will not be deterred by the House without reference to conference committee. They will keep the bill before the Senate constantly after it is called up for consideration on the 15th instant, and by beginning the daily sessions at an early hour and continuing them at night, complete the consideration of the bill, if possible, before the end of the fiscal year. It will then be sent to the House, and if a committee of conference is asked the Senate will decline to appoint one, and the House will thus be forced to the necessity of accepting the Senate bill or postponing the contest indefinitely, with the possibility of having no bill at all.

If such an emergency should arise, we should again be confronted with the power of the people as plainly expressed last November. The Senate tariff scheme imposes taxes on the British revenue principles, and then apologizes for so doing by invoking the fact that its own delay in acting on the tariff has made it impossible for any tariff bill along protection lines to show its revenue earning capacity for a year or two. No wonder there is great indignation among Republicans that the fruits of a great Republican victory at the polls cannot be harvested while demagoguism controls the Senate, representative not of popularities, but of burgeoisie, admitted as it is to be "sold."

That the House will resist the British ideas in the Senate tariff bill is clear. Not only is the Senate bill dictated by local interests and by British ideas, but the Sugar Trust is in powerful evidence in its sugar schedules. The Dingley tariff bill was fought by the Sugar Trust because its sugar schedule was not in its interest; but if the Senate schedule should become a law the profits of the Sugar Trust, which under the Wilson-Gorman bill, have been enormous, would be doubled. The Sugar Trust and the tea importing speculators are very happy, but domestic manufacturing interests are indignant at many of the schedules of the Senate bill, schedules that are not only dictated by trusts, but by importing interests that care not a fig for developing American industry.

Cause of the Cuban Awakening.

There is no doubt that McKinley is much disturbed over the Senate's copies of tariff, and that drastic means will be used to whip these old gray folk at Tae north end of the Capitol into the White House traces. It is a shrewd surmise, too, that all of McKinley's present awakening, touching Cuban atrocities, arises from the fact that sympathy on his part with the Morgan rebellion will tend to soften the Senate in its tariff views. Moreover a war scare at this juncture with Spain would vastly aid McKinley to pass the bill. With McKinley in this tariff mess with the Senate, with those other trust harpies, flopping resentfully about his ears because, forsooth, the black sugar harpy has got too much with your poor old Uncle Hanna facing a future filled with dark defeat for his Senate re-elective hopes, McKinley must, indeed, feel that his reign has fallen off bad days. McKinley may yet envy Cleveland the Worst, that pachydermatous king, his thick hide.

THE JESTER'S CHORUS.

The Humorist—Weary, why don't you sleep in the flower bed at night?

Weary—De flowers writhing t'rough de dew keeps me awake.—Cincinnati Tribune.

She—Why do pugilists shake hands when they go into the ring?

He—For the same reason, I suppose, that two women kiss when they meet on the street—Yonkers Statesman.

"I always said," remarked the Turkish officer to his Greek prisoner, "that, in spite of your reputation as fighters, we should put you to rout."

"Oh, well," replied the man, who had been active in Hellenic dissensions, "maybe you couldn't have done it so easily if we hadn't helped some."—Washington Star.

"I hear Jimmon and his wife don't speak except when they absolutely have to."

"That is only partly true."

"Ab?"

"Jimmon doesn't speak except when his wife absolutely has to let him.—Detroit Journal.

"She has a hobby. She is opposed to vivisection."

"I can't believe that. She always cuts me dead."

John A. Logan's Book on Russia

JOHN A. LOGAN, JR., calls his new book "My Joyful Russia," and the title fairly indicates the character of the text. One does not have to read far and it is very interesting reading, too—to see why Mr. Logan takes this rosy and pleasant view of the great, mysterious eastern land about which so much has been written and of which so little is known here. Mr. Logan's path led him through pleasant pastures. He saw Moscow, St. Petersburg, and the splendid coronation ceremonies and mingled with ambassadors, statesmen and the pick of Russia's nobility. He visited yacht clubs, horse races and palaces, and seemed to see everything that it was pleasant for a stranger to see. It is not surprising, then, that his impressions of Russia should be as bright and cheery as those of George Kennan travelled through the convoluted districts of Siberia, journeying from one prison house to another, and seeking always for the horrible. The sort of view that he obtained of Russia was equivalent to that which would be received by a Russian traveler who proceeded at once to Blackwell's Island, went from there to Sing Sing, then on to Auburn, Stillwater, Mory, and thence back to Russia again, pausing only for an evening or two of New York roof gardens as a crowning touch to his experiences. A traveler of that sort would be likely to suggest an extremely interesting book on America.

But suppose the same traveler were to visit Newport at the height of its season, not as a stranger to be looked upon as the natural prey of hackman and hotel keeper, but as the guest of some well-bred, well-to-do American, who could command for him the respect and courtesy that we are always willing to pay to anybody with a "pull." Let him go from there to Lenox, thence to the Adirondacks, to some luxuriant "camp," and then, in the private car of a railroad president, across the plains to the Rocky Mountains, and back by way of New Orleans and Florida in time to enjoy the best that New York has to offer—let him do all this, and a book on "Joyful America" will be the inevitable result.

It was in this way that Mr. Logan travelled, and the result is optimism with unquestionable truth for its foundation. The picture that he draws of Russian life is a distinctly interesting one, not so much because of Mr. Logan's literary skill, but because it presents a good deal and cannot help telling us something that we are glad to know.

The following, taken from the account of the coronation ceremonies, may be quoted as one of the very best bits of description in the book:

"And now came a supreme moment—not so much in its present significance as in its historic associations. We were led through the two lines of guards, returning the salute so gallantly given with a simple bow, then through a throng of civilians, and at last, by a sudden turn to the left, brought to a stop at the head of the Red Stairs, at whose foot was a sea of faces, all of them eagerly looking for the Tsar. The effect was startling. From these stairs Napoleon had turned to look upon Moscow as he entered the palace of the Kremlin; down these stairs he had gone when Moscow, fired by the torch of Rostopchine, no longer gave shelter to his army; from them the father of the present Tsar had turned to salute and to be saluted by his people when returning from the very function through which his son was about to pass. The picture was dazzling. Everywhere faces—faces! On every side were color, gold and gems glistening in the sun, fair women vivacious and eager, stalwart men glittering with steel and gold, and brass and scarlet, swarthy Cossacks, litha Hussars, gigantic guards, sturdy police and, above and beyond anything else, the eager, throbbing, acclamating multitude waiting for its monarch. I shall not soon forget the scene. I should like to make the situation plain to the reader. Standing at the head of the Red Stairs, and so looking out from the palace, we saw to the immediate right an open tribune full of Russian nobles and their womenkind; beyond this, in the right-hand corner of the square nearest the palace, stands the cathedral of the Saviour in the Wood, and in the farther corner of the right-hand side of the square stands the cathedral of St. Michael.

"Between these two churches was erected a two-storied tribune. This was also filled with a glittering multitude. Immediately opposite the Red Stairs, and with their backs to the Tower of Ivan, were other tribunes; and turning sharply to the left from the foot of the stairs and going through a human lane, one would reach the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the great ceremony was to take place. Will the reader imagine himself at the head of this famous Red Stairs? Before him he will see a multi-colored mass of human beings, on every side bunting, for a background the splendid architecture of the churches, and, if he glances to the right over the two-storied tribune between the two cathedrals, he will catch a glimpse of field and wood land, looking like some superb landscape from a picture hung in a crowded palace. A band stationed in the corner is playing soft and sensuous strains, the distant boom of cannon is heard mingling with the chime of bells; and over all and through it all, like a solemn river making its way slowly but irresistibly to the sea, there is the multitudinous murmur of the multitude waiting for its king."

I am reading Mr. Howell's serial, "The Story of a Play," in Scribner's Magazine, for a very unusual reason. I want to know what is going to happen to the characters in it, and that is something I have not wanted to know in regard to any serial people since "Tribly" was published. As the story stands thus far, a young man named Maxwell, who has a laudable ambition, charming appearance, and a native and a wife who adores and believes in him, has written a play under the direction of an actor, whom he has met at a Summer resort. The play has been produced at a remote Canadian town, but the actor, instead of going to see it, as any author would outside of book covers, had dawdled at the Summer resort with his wife and estimates the amount of his profits from the play-writing business. He really doesn't know what happens to that author and his play. If Mr. Howell knows as much of the theatrical business as I do, he will see to it that that great young dramatist is not only skinned out of his royalties, but is induced to lend the actor all the money that he has, in order that he may be able to produce a more convincing and successful play for the American drama. There is a hint for the appetite of naturalists.

"Everything serves some useful purpose," he said, sarcastically. "It is simply astonishing how true this is. There is the Turko-Grecian war, for instance."

"What particularly useful purpose has that served?" she demanded.

"What? Haven't you noticed?" he exclaimed. "It has given the girls an idea for a new bicycle costume."—Chicago Star.